

FEBRUARY

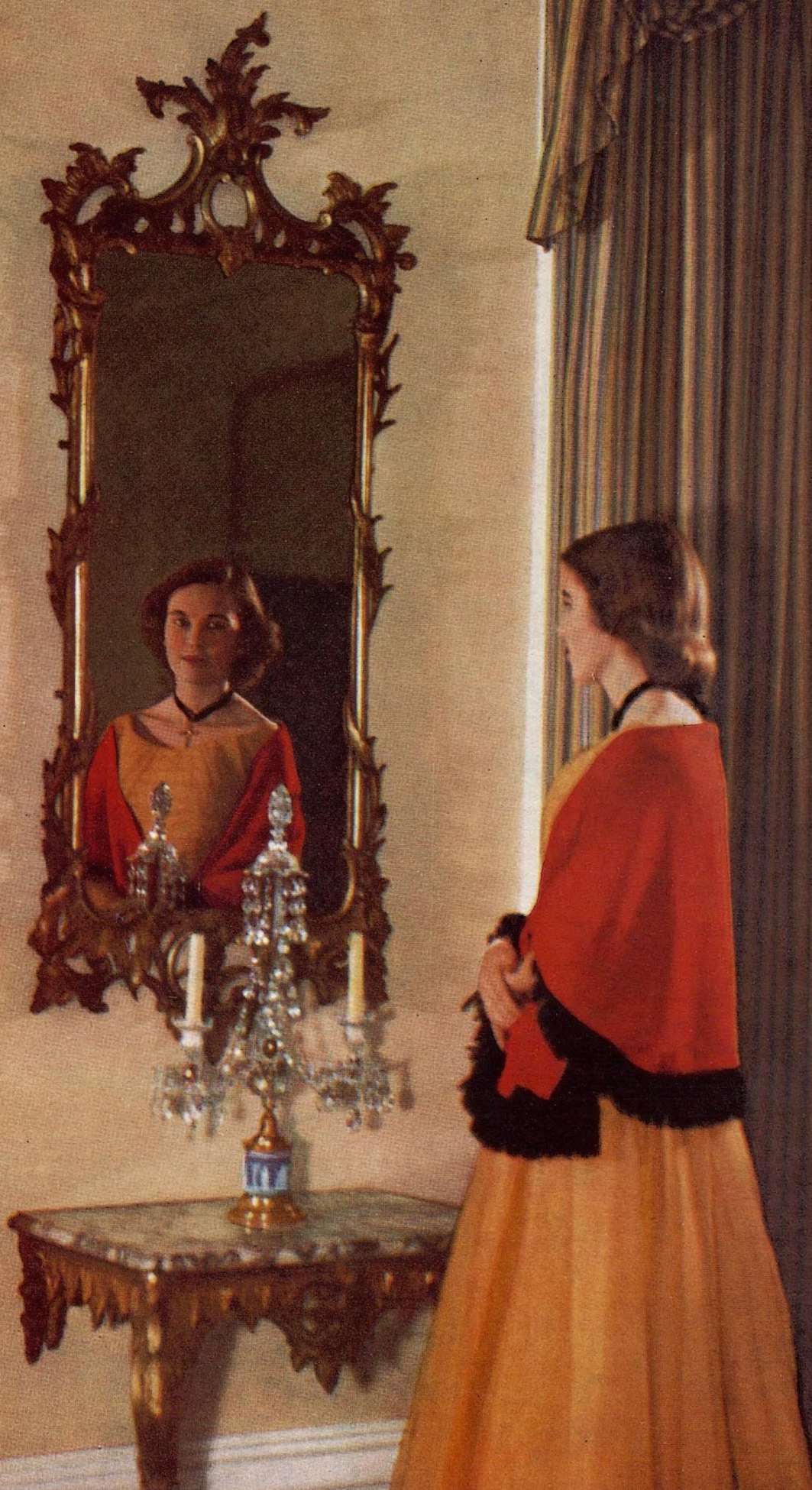
22

1956

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MISS JULIA
STONOR

A 1956
DEBUTANTE



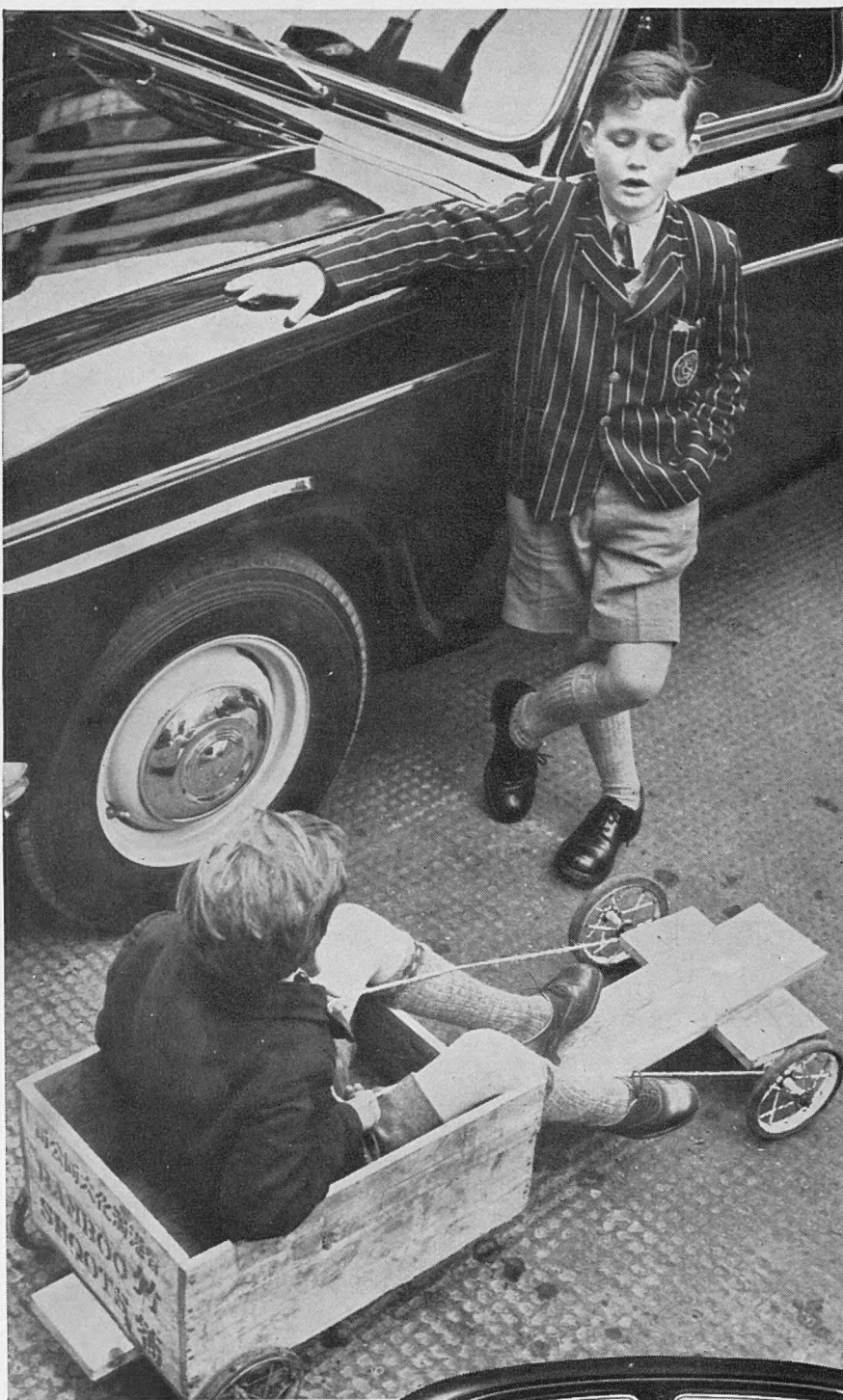


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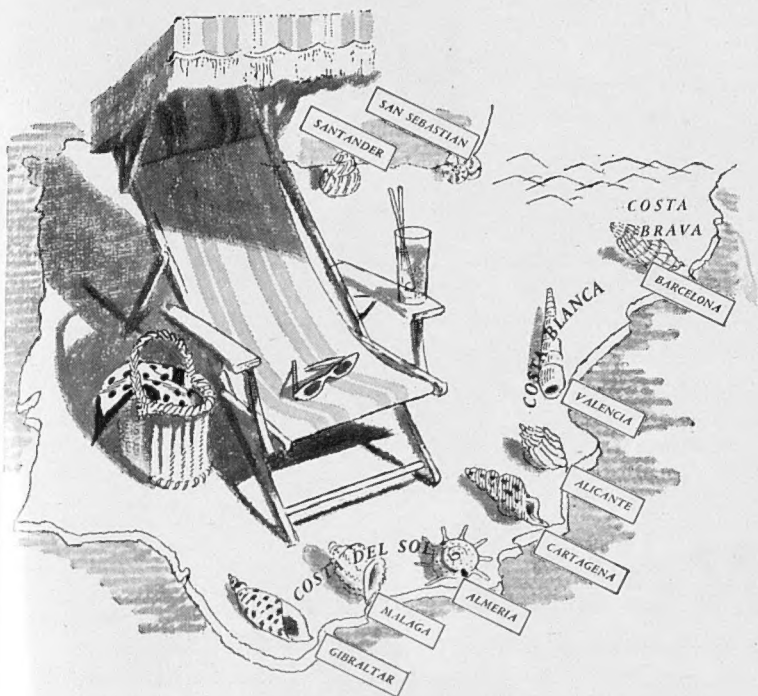


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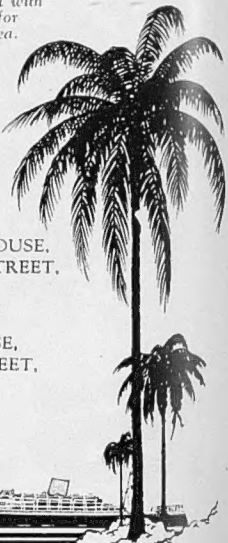
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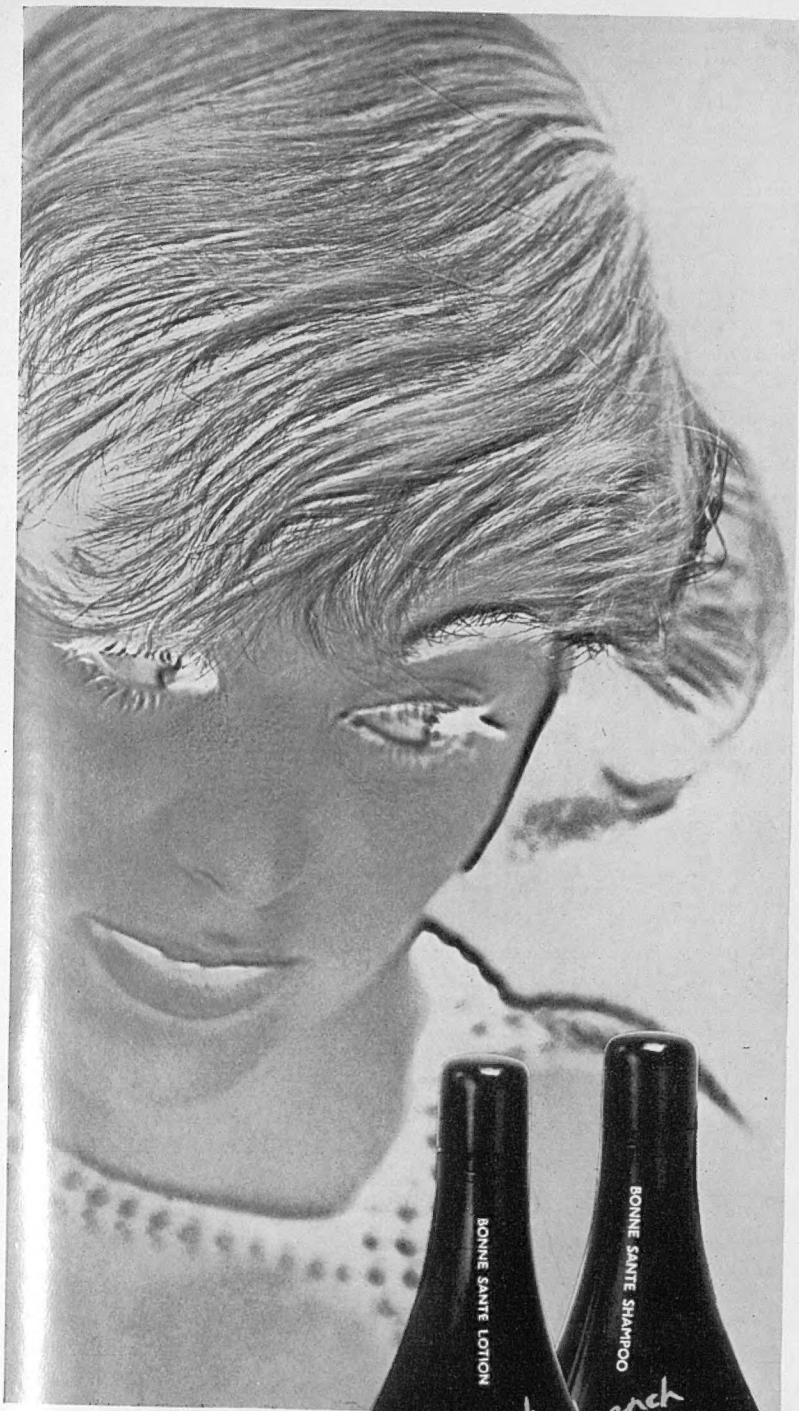
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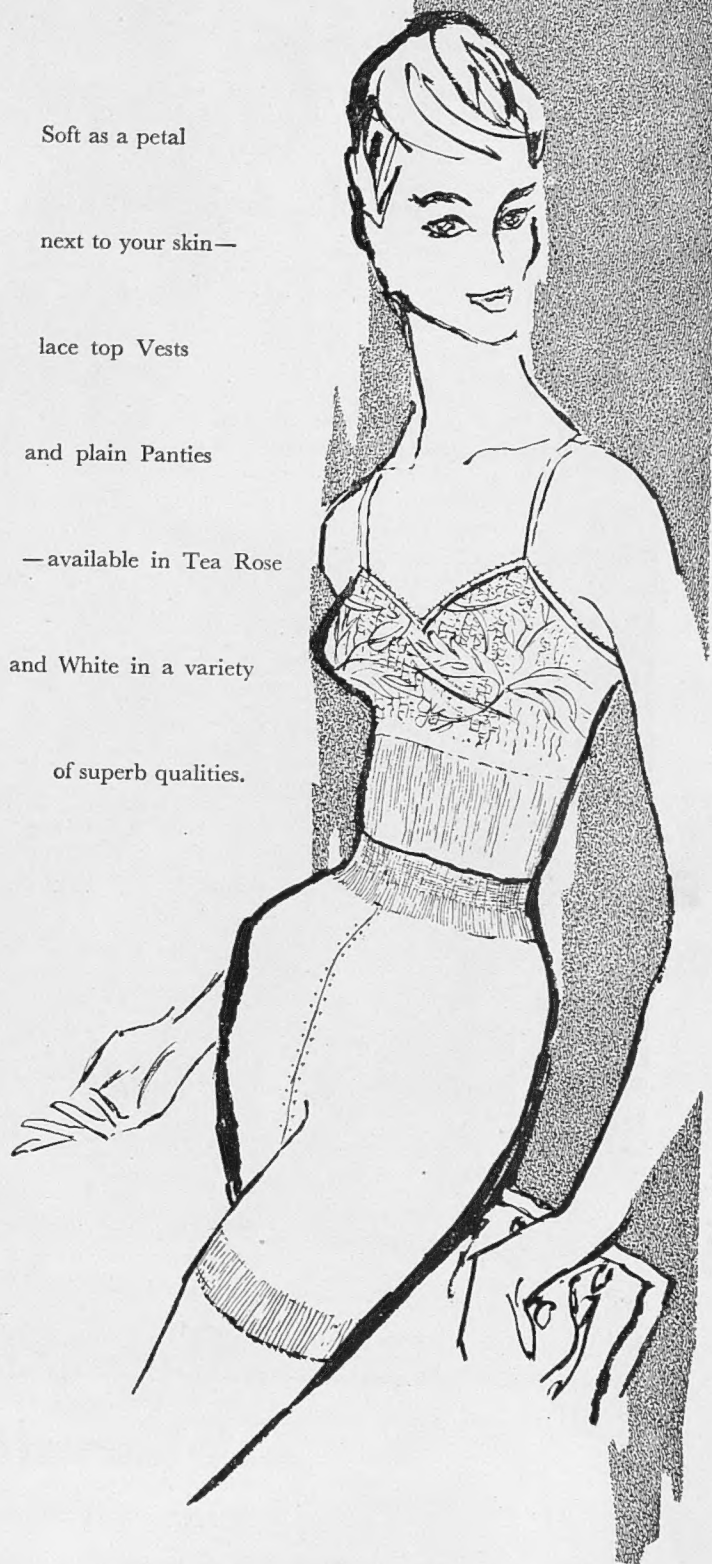
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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO



Barry Swaeb
MISS JULIA STONOR, whose photograph appears on the cover of The TATLER this week, is one of the prettiest of the new season's debutantes. She is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor of beautiful Stonor Park, Henley-on-Thames where her parents are giving a dance for her on July 20th. Her mother, who was formerly Miss Jeanne Stourton, was herself one of the most outstanding debutantes of her year. Her father, the son and heir of Lord Camoys, belongs to one of England's oldest Roman Catholic families

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 22nd to February 29th

Feb. 22nd (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend a luncheon at Guildhall on their return from Nigeria.

The Opera Ball at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the English Opera Group.

The British Industries Fair (to March 2nd) and the Toy Fair at Earls Court.

Racing at Worcester (2 days) and at Plumpton. First night of Sandy Wilson's *The Buccaneer* at the Apollo Theatre.

Feb. 23rd. (Thur.) The Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Alexandra visit the British Industries Fair at Earls Court.

Prince Philip attends the annual dinner of the Institution of Electrical Engineers at Grosvenor House, to accept the certificate of honorary membership of the Institution.

The Duchess of Gloucester attends a reception at the R.A.F. Association HQ in Portland Place.

First night of *The Rivals* at the Saville Theatre.

Racing at Wincanton.

Feb. 24th (Fri.) Prince Philip visits H.M.A.S. Melbourne at Portsmouth.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visits the British Industries Fair at Earls Court.

The Carnival Ball at Monte Carlo.

The R.A.A.F. Ball at the Savoy Hotel.

Racing at Catterick and Kempton Park (2 days).

First night of *Waltz of the Toreadors* at the Arts Theatre.

Feb 25th (Sat.) The Staff College and R.M.A.S. Drag point-to-point at Tweseldon, near Aldershot.

Racing at Taunton.

Sir Robert Mayer Youth Concert at the Royal Festival Hall at 10.45.am.

Feb. 26th (Sun.)

Feb. 27th (Mon.) Celebrity Concert by David Oistrakh (violinist) at the Royal Festival Hall.

First night of *Sir John in Love* at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge.

Racing at Wolverhampton (2 days).

Feb. 28th (Tues.) Prince Philip attends the annual dinner of the National Farmers Union at Grosvenor House.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester attend the British Industries Fair.

Feb. 29th (Wed.) Princess Alexandra opens the new Out-Patient and Casualty Department at the Peace Memorial Hospital, Watford. Racing at Ludlow and Windsor.

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Betty Swaabe

The youngest generation of a great banking house

THE Hon. Mrs. Hugo Money-Coutts, with her children Clare aged three, and Crispin, who was born in March last year, are the wife and children of Lord Latymer's son and heir. Mrs. Money-Coutts is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Emmet and a

niece of Lord Rennell. This photograph was taken in the drawingroom of their house in Eaton Place; on the wall is a painting by the late Sir William Orpen of the Dowager Lady Latymer, the children's great-grandmother. The Money-Coutts were married in 1951

THE SWISS SCENE

• Jennifer •

ST. MORITZ.—During February this town is always one of the gayest spots in the world, for at this time of the year visitors arrive from nearly every country of Europe, North and South America, Canada, Australia, South Africa—in fact from every corner of the world. There was a good fall of snow at the end of January so that conditions were favourable for ski-ing, but the Arctic wind early in the month rather spoilt the pleasure of coming down from Piz Nair, where you get a splendid variety of really good runs, or the slightly nearer Corviglia.

The Palace Hotel was packed with many habitués, and the Albana, where they put up visitors under the Services scheme in conjunction with the Ski Club of Great Britain, was full to overflowing, especially at the beginning of the month when the Services Team Championship was run on the Cresta. Many other Cresta riders were staying at the Kulm which was also very well patronised, and I heard that Suvretta House, which of course is just out of the town, was very busy, too.

BESIDES ski-ing or riding the Cresta, at St. Moritz there are always other diversions. There is the bob run where teams of two or four go down most afternoons, excellent curling, wonderful skating facilities, and a good ice hockey match to watch practically every day, while on three consecutive Sundays in February there is horse racing on the snow-covered frozen lake.

I was fortunate in being there for the first of these meetings, and enjoyed a most amusing afternoon. The horses race on a track with a large round loop about seven furlongs after a straight stretch at the start. This is railed off on the centre of the lake and is covered with several inches of snow. It appeared quite easy to go a good gallop in this going, and to take off and land quite safely over hurdles. The card included two flat races, one hurdle race, one trotting race and a skijoring race. In this the jockeys, instead of riding the horses, put on skis and drove them from behind at a tremendous pace. Although it looks most hazardous, the day I was present there were happily no falls.

Prize money is around £200 a race and there were some quite well bred horses competing by such sires as Sayani, Goyama, and Winterhalter. There is a small open stand, one part reserved for members and their friends, a parade ring, and a flourishing totalisator in the paddock where between races you could also enjoy hot sausages cooked on an open grill!

THE chic place to lunch each day is still the very exclusive Corviglia Club up at Corviglia, which Vicomte Charles Benoist d'Azy runs so superbly. Here the food is exceptionally good. Lunching up here I saw Lt.-Col. James Coats, Mr. Jack Heaton—both since pre-war days, great St. Moritz personalities—the three Italian brothers Carlo, Annessdro and Sandro Stagni, Lord Brooke, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, and Mrs. Warren Pershing who had come on for a few weeks here from Klosters where she had spent the Christmas holidays with her husband and their two young sons who had already all returned to America.

When the wind is in the right direction you can enjoy your lunch out on the sunbaked terrace at Corviglia, otherwise at one of the small tables arranged so cleverly with sofa seats right round the two dining rooms with their big plate glass windows, which catch all the sunshine. This year Vicomte d'Azy has opened another room downstairs for members who are very ardent ski-ers, and just want to pop in for a very quick meal. Here they can enjoy hot soup and cold snacks from a "help yourself" buffet.

I WENT up to watch the racing on the famous Cresta run, which is open this year from Junction. Here I met once again many of the great personalities of this unique sport. These included Lt.-Col. James Coats, the President, Mr. Fairchilds MacCarthy, the very efficient secretary, who also controls all the racing and practice runs from his little wooden hut at the start of the course, Mr. Douglas Connor who holds the record for the run, and Mr. Henry Martineau. The control hut contains all the mechanism needed to make this such an efficient enterprise. It is fitted with amazing timing machines (which can, in a hard freeze up, cause a lot of anxiety!), telephone communications to every section of the course, over which there is a splendid view, and loud speakers which issue a peremptory order from "Mac" for a spectator to keep back at some point, for a dog to be kept on a lead, or for the removal of anything that might add to the hazards of the rider and cause an accident. He also gives a running com-



Dr. R. H. Schloss

LORD ST. JUST and Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor setting off with their skis for the Piz Nair, one of the most popular of the runs at St. Moritz. Lord St. Just, who is the second baron, succeeded his father to the title in 1941

mentary as each rider goes down and announces the time at the end of each run.

There was quite a big crowd to watch the Services Team Championship which was won by the Senior Service with the Army second and the R.A.F. third. Mr. Chris Skinner of the R.N. won the Lord Trenchard Service trophy and did the fastest time that morning.

Among those competing were Major Richard Birchenough, a very keen and promising rider, Major John Riley and Capt. A. R. Aylmer, who were in the Army team, Lt. Cdr. G. H. Mann, Lt. Cdr. R.P. Clayton, Sub. Lt. Taylor Young, who went over the top at Shuttlecock, Air Commodore Ramsay Rae and F/Lt. E. M. Muller.

THERE has been an extraordinary number of new young riders this season, and one day they broke a record with 58 riders who went down for a practice run—practices start at 8.30 each morning. Among the newcomers were Mr. David Ropner, out here with his wife, who was Miss Malise Armitage before their marriage in Yorkshire last September, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Nicholas Cobbold, Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling, his brother-in-law Capt. Murray de Klee of the Scots Guards who was out here with his wife, Mr. Richard Tatham, Mr. Bryan Basset, Mr. W.D.R. Lamb and Lt. Cdr. David Loram of the Royal Navy. This rider I saw going down well in the Calisch Grischun handicap race in which he tied for second place, with Mr. D.W. Daniels, to that grand rider the champion and record breaker, Mr. Douglas Connor.

David Loram has made great progress; at first he went down with much courage but little judgement and somehow could not get the knack, so that he went over Shuttlecock five times out of his first six runs! He then began all over again, very slowly, with the seat of his skeleton right back, until he gradually mastered the art. Incidentally Douglas Connor, who is a Canadian, was riding as brilliantly as ever again this season and as I left was confidently expected to win the coveted Curzon Cup, an event which will have been decided by the time this appears. He and his very pretty wife Helen, who usually took him to lunch at Corviglia and to ski with her each afternoon, had taken a flat in St. Moritz this year and were going on to Rome and Venice at the end of February before returning to their flat in Grosvenor Square.

Curling enthusiasts were out on the rinks early each day, none keener than our former champion jockey Sir Gordon Richards, who was up on the Kulm rink soon after breakfast with his wife. He led his side to victory in several competitions. They were staying at the Palace Hotel with their daughter Marjorie.

AFTER dark St. Moritz is extremely gay and young people have plenty of places in which to dance and amuse themselves. Firstly there is Hanselmanns for a hot cup of chocolate after ski-ing, or the Chesa Veglia where you can also dine and dance informally to a very gay peasant band. A game of skittles is a popular pastime in the Kegel bahn of the Palace, or a visit before or after dinner to the Palace, Kulm or Steffani bars. At the first there is a dance band playing each night from cocktail time until 4 or 5 a.m.!

Then there are the galas with some special new attraction each week. At these you see some of the loveliest dresses worn by the wives of some of the richest men in the world who annually come to holiday here. Among them this year were Mrs. Stouras Niarchos, wife of the Greek shipowner, who looked lovely in a heavily embroidered short white satin dress and beautiful jewels at a gala at the Palace Hotel where they are staying with their two little sons; Signora Agnelli, the elegant and attractive blonde wife of the young Italian millionaire Signor Johanni Agnelli, wore a very chic tailored white satin evening dress that night, with a wide stole of crimson velvet. She and her husband were entertaining a big party of friends, including his brother-in-law and sister Count and Countess Brando Brandolini, and Count and Countess Theo Rossi di Montalegra—she is the Earl of Granard's elder sister.

LORD Brooke was present, also Mr. and Mrs. Andre Embericos, Mrs. Sydney Beer, Mr. David Somerset and Princess Bismark, who were another lovely dress of white satin embroidered with pink and blue sequins, with magnificent aquamarine and diamond jewellery. She was staying here with two of her little daughters and was to be joined a little later by Prince Bismark and two others of their large family of delightfully mannered children.

Others I saw at the gala were Sir Rhys Llewellyn who had been quietly ski-ing all day, dining with Lord Roderic Pratt and his lovely wife, and nearby Mr. and Mrs. David Ropner in a party with Mrs. Vernon Pope. At another sofa table Mrs. Edward Slesinger, very attractive in a heavily embroidered white lace dress, and her son Mr. John Slesinger were dining with Major W. D. Mackenzie and a party of friends. Also staying in the Palace which Mr. Andre Badrutt and his stepmother Mrs. Hans Badrutt and stepbrother Mr. Hansjurg Badrutt run to perfection (carrying on the family tradition of the late Hans Badrutt, one of the greatest of hoteliers), were Prince Charles d'Arenberg, and Mrs. Lesley Leuchars over from Durban. She had her nieces Viscountess Goschen and Mrs. Doderidge and their husbands, who all went ski-ing each day, staying with her.

[Continued overleaf]



VISITORS AT WENGEN in the Bernese Oberland. Above, Charlie Lane, aged seven, son of the Hon. Mrs. George Lane, who has a chalet at Wengen, his eldest sister Rosie, aged ten, their cousin the Hon. Emma Rothschild, and twins Charlotte and Johanna Lane, with Fritz Graf and his pony Prince

Rear Admiral and Mrs. George Collett
The Admiral is now at S.H.A.P.E.
and they live at Versailles

Mr. John Beith, Counsellor at the
British Embassy in Paris, and his wife,
daughter of Sir John Gilmour, Bt.



Brodrick Haldane
Sir Anthony Rumbold, Bt. with his
son Henry and daughter Camilla in
the snowy village street at Wengen



Lady Stamp, the American-born wife
of Lord Stamp, with her younger son
Richard, were staying at Palace Hotel

Continuing Jennifer

Distinguished company at St. Moritz

PRINCESS Carla Boncompagni was holding court at her usual table, and Lord Brabazon of Tara who arrived just before I left, was in great form and ready, to ride the Cresta in spite of his 72 years, while others staying there included film star Paulette Goddard, the Marquis and Marquise Silvio Medici, Mrs. Randolph Churchill who came on from staying with Lady Rootes at the chalet she had taken this season, Miss Olga Deterding who arrived from Paris, the Earl of Warwick who left for a business engagement during the week, but was returning later for a further stay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oppenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martineau, author Mr. Erich Remarque, and Vicomtesse Guy de Yonge, who had come over from Brussels.

As I left they were expecting the young Duke and Duchess of Alba. The latter has been coming here since she was a child with her father the late Duke of Alba. Also expected were that talented composer Mr. Cole Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Tex Feldman, the Spanish Marquis of Portago, who has been bob racing at Cortina, Mr. Arturo Lopez Willshaw who had made his visit later than usual this year, and the Duke and Duchess Francesco Serra di Cassano, who were coming up from Rome with a big party including her brother-in-law and sister Prince and Princess Alvaro Orleans Bourbon.

OTHERS I met during my brief stay included Lady Joubert, who was helping to organise the bob racing most efficiently, and Cdr. and Mrs. John Hodges. As Miss Betty Harbord she was a great rider on the bob run in pre-war days and told me she hoped to take her husband down during this visit. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Allason were out ski-ing every day and had their eight year old son with them.

I met Mr. Humphrey Humphries with his arm in a sling as the result of a fall ski-ing, and also saw Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Ward who were staying at the Steffani.

From here I went to Zurich and flew down to the South of France over miles of snow covered mountains bathed in sunshine, and a few days later I flew back to London by B.E.A. having lunched in Cannes and arrived in time to dine at a charity ball in London. As this appears I hope to have arrived in Jamaica, by B.O.A.C.'s direct flight, for four days in Ocho Rios and four days in Montego Bay, then on to Nassau for a week before flying home.

I FLEW back from the South of France in time to go to the Winter Ball at the Dorchester. This ball, which Lady Bennett organises so well for the Ladies Carlton Club, has become an annual event to which many look forward in the rather quiet early days of the year. There was no cabaret, but a piper played for Scottish reels at midnight. The Earl of Woolton proposed the Royal toast after dinner and Lady Bennett said a few words about the political work of the Ladies Carlton, which now maintains four women organisers in marginal seats. The Winter Ball over the last few years has already contributed over £7,000 to the club for this project.

Among those who came along to support the ball were Countess Woolton, Viscount and Viscountess Kilmauir; Lady Bird in a blue satin dress, Lady Plender, Mr. Oliver Poole, and Mr. and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, the latter in an emerald green faille dress dancing energetically during the evening. Lady Carrington was chairman of the young committee, and looked exceedingly pretty at the ball. The Hon. Mrs. Rose, who is a most hard working member of the L.C.C., was with a party of four, and at the next table Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett had quite a large party. On the dance floor I saw Mr. and Mrs. de Yarburgh-Bateson, the Hon. Mary Stopford, and Major Richard Sharples dancing with Lady Barbara Bosson whose husband, Mr. Clive Bosson, has just been adopted Conservative candidate for Leominster. Also Miss Penelope Ansley, Mr. Philip Bryant, Miss Ruth Huggins and Mr. Humphrey Berkeley.



Miss Diana Nichol, Miss Patricia Owen-Hughes and Miss Aspden, former headmistress of the bride



Mrs. Sprot and Col. "Ben" Walford in conversation at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel

THE WEDDING AT ST. PETER'S, Eaton Square, of the Hon. Susan McCorquodale and Capt. William F. E. Forbes, was one of the prettiest of the winter. The bridegroom is an officer of the Coldstream Guards, and the pages wore miniature uniforms of the Regiment, which was also represented on the wedding cake. Afterwards the young couple left for a honeymoon in France



West Mayne (Baron Studios)

The bride, who is the daughter of Lord and Lady McCorquodale, with the bridegroom after the ceremony

Three of the bridesmaids. They were Miss Mary Mount, the Hon. Caroline Dewar and Miss Fenella Nicholson

The following evening I went to the European film première of *The Court Jester* at the Plaza starring the renowned Danny Kaye. Princess Margaret and a party of young friends including Mr. Oliver Dawnay, Miss Iris Peake, Mr. Billy Wallace and Miss Judy Montagu, attended the première which was given in aid of the West Indies Hurricane Relief Fund. Princess Margaret was received on arrival at the cinema by Lord Lloyd, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Sir Hubert Rance, the very popular former Governor of Trinidad who is chairman of the Fund. Lord Lloyd presented his wife to the Princess, then Caribbean delegates over here for the conference, after which Sir Hubert Rance presented members of the committee including the Hon. Colin Tennant, Mr. Robin McDouall, the Hon. Arthur Gore, Miss Jean Newman and Princess Radziwill; also Danny Kaye himself.

The Court Jester is a very gay and amusing film that I do not think anyone could help enjoying. It has also offered Danny Kaye the chance of giving one of the best performances of his career. At the end of the film he came on to the stage and sang some of his most popular songs and entertained the audience for nearly threequarters of an hour in his inimitable way. Incidentally the première, which raised around £4000, brought the total of the West Indies Hurricane Relief Fund up to nearly £80,000. The target is £100,000 and contributions can still be sent to the W.I.H.R. Fund, 37-38 Strand, W.C.2.

Sitting in the front gallery I saw Lord Tweedsmuir with his wife, who is one of the vice-presidents of the Fund, and the Spanish Ambassador escorting Mrs. John Ward who looked lovely in a full black velvet evening coat. Just behind them were the Marchioness of Northampton escorted by Commander Tom Hussey. Mrs. Thelma Cazalet-Keir, who has a house in Jamaica, had her niece Miss Sheran Cazalet with her, and nearby were Sir Alfred Bosson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fairey who had Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia with them, and Mr. Reginald Duthy who with his wife and daughter was with a party of about twenty friends who all went on for a fork supper at their enchanting mews house.

Here the conversation soon reverted to the première and how much everyone had enjoyed it. A great enthusiast was Lady Elizabeth Oldfield who was at the supper with her husband Mr. Peter Oldfield, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Guepin and Col. and Mrs. Raoul Robin. Miss Fiona Duthy, looking very pretty in a short dark blue brocade dress, helped her parents to look after the guests who also included several of her young friends, among them Miss Mary Mount, Miss Hilary Morris, Miss Penelope Englehart, the Earl of Brecknock, Mr. Malcolm Burr, Count Dimitri Kasterine and Fiona's cousin Mr. David Bailey, whose parents Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey had left that day in the Queen Elizabeth for New York and the West Indies.

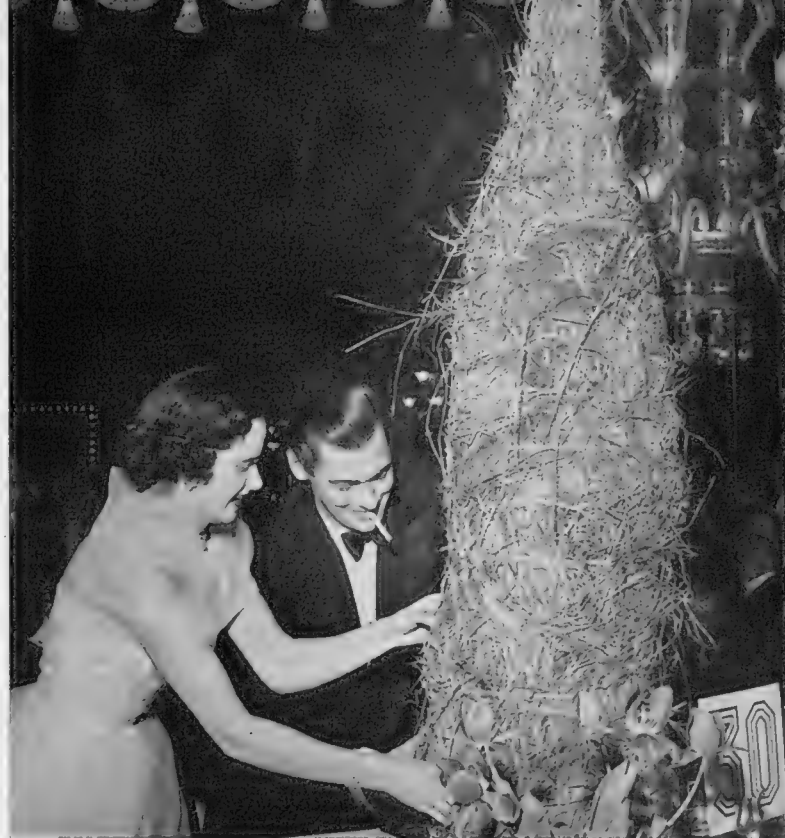
THE word "radiant", has never been more appropriate for any bride than for the Hon. Susan McCorquodale, elder daughter of Lord and Lady McCorquodale, when she married Capt William Forbes, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Forbes, of Callendar, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She wore a dress of white slipper satin with a full train and a long tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara. Her three pages, the Hon. John Hely-Hutchinson, Rupert Legge and Neil McCorquodale wore replicas of the Coldstream Guards uniform of 1800. There were two child bridesmaids Victoria Elliott and Sarah Campbell Preston with six older ones—the Hon. Prudence McCorquodale, sister of the bride, Miss Laura McCorquodale, Miss Sarah Collins, the Hon. Caroline Dewar, Miss Mary Mount and Miss Fenella Nicholson. All wore full-skirted dresses of pleated white chiffon with large organza bows.

A reception was held at the Hyde Park Hotel, where Lady McCorquodale, wearing a dark green satin dress and yellow hat, received the guests with Lord McCorquodale and Lt. Col. and Mrs. Forbes, the latter wearing a blue silk dress under a very smart cerise fitted coat, with a little feather trimmed hat.

After the young couple had cut their wedding cake the bridegroom's uncle, Mr. David Landale, proposed their health and happiness. Among the many relations and friends there to join in this toast were Lady Forteviot and the Hon Penelope Dewar, Sir John Child and his daughter Diana, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale and her daughter Mrs. Gerald Legge, whose elder son was one of the pages, the Hon. Mrs Ronald Senior and both her daughters, Lady Kathleen Birnie and her two daughters, the Countess of Limerick and her son Viscount Glentworth, who was an usher.

ALSO present were Mr. Jack Stewart-Clark, another of the ushers, and his pretty sister Norena and their cousin Miss Collette Clark, Sir Denys and the Hon Lady Lowson and their debutante daughter Gay, Mr. Iain Murray, and Sir Colin and Lady Barber, just off to the South of France, as was Lady Smiley, who came with Sir Hugh Smiley and his mother Valerie Lady Smiley.

Young marrieds at this wedding included Lady Leslie and Mrs. Tennant, while two engaged couples present were Viscount Boyne and Miss Rosemary Stuckley, and Lord Denham with Miss Jean McCorquodale who were married at St. Margaret's ten days later.



THE WINTER BALL organised by Lady (Elena) Bennett for the Ladies Carlton Club was held at the Dorchester. Guests were received by the President, the Earl of Woolton, C.H. Above: Mr. Gordon Simpson and the Hon. Mary Stopford win an unusual tombola prize



Miss Ruth Huggins and Mr. Christopher Batt were thoroughly enjoying an old fashioned waltz



Mrs. and Mr. R. E. Hadingham were being greeted at their table by Mrs. and Mr. L.A.W. Jenkins



Mr. Timothy Cleland, Miss Susan Yorke, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Sarah Unwin Heathcote and Mr. N. de Courcy-Ireland

Van Hallan

CRUFT'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

THE 1956 entry of 6,433 dogs of 109 breeds established a world-record at Cruft's this year, though the intensely cold weather somewhat reduced the attendance. Below: Michael Fisher with reserve champion West Highland White terrier Squire of Millbrook



Mrs. W. de Casembroot and Miss Helen Greenish with their greyhound Treetops Golden Falcon, the supreme championship

Miss I. M. de Pledge grooms her Pekinese Ku-Ku of Yan

Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie with her Dandie Dinmont Frabellia Madrigal



*Desmond O'Neill
Miss C. Maybould with Oudenarde
Copper Light, her Cairn Terrier*

*Miss P. Brennan with Ch. Magic
von Walder long-haired dachshund*



*Lady Paris, who breeds poodles
and deerhounds, in one of the rings*



A SPECTACULAR EIRE STEEPLECHASE

IRISH racegoers had a rare feast at Leopardstown when they saw Nibot win the chief Grand National trial for home-trained horses, the Leopardstown Steeplechase. Only three horses out of eight finished. Above: Lord Patrick Beresford with Miss Sara Walford



The photo-finish when Nibot (right) ridden by Mr. G. W. Robinson, just beat Sandy Jane II, E. L. McKenzie up

Mrs. Nat Preston from Co. Meath with Lady Tryon, who, with her husband, was on her first visit to Ireland

Lord Killanin, M.B.E., from Spiddal House Co. Galway, with Lady Killanin and Mrs. David Fitzgerald



Major Victor McCalmont, joint-Master of the Kilkenny foxhounds, with Mrs. McCalmont and Capt. John Gale

Brig. Edward Boylan, D.S.O., with Lord Tryon, Keeper of the Privy Purse, who was staying with him

Charles C. Fennell

THE BALLET CLASSICS

NEWLY TRANSLATED

• Kieran Tunney •



ANYA LINDEN (above) whose performance as Swanilda in *Coppelia* this year was given high praise. Below: Meriel Evans, another of the younger members of the company, who dances Aurora in the third act of the ballet with grace and glitter

Denis de Marney

Michael Dunne

THE Covent Garden ballet boom continues. Night after night the vast Opera House is packed with enthusiastic balletgoers—cheering, clapping, stamping approval of the spectacles given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Owing to the demand for seats, a balletic evening has to be planned weeks, and, for certain programmes, even months ahead. True, it is not impossible to pick up a seat at the last moment for a programme from the modern repertoire—on a night Fonteyn is not dancing—but when the classical ballets, *Coppelia* and *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, are given, no matter who leads the company, the house is packed from floor to ceiling.

Is it a good thing that the classic works should be so popular? Yes. Not only are they necessary to the development of the dancers but they set a standard for audiences in the art of ballet.

But whether it is wise to perform them as often as the Sadler's Wells company have done within the past few years is another matter. One can see the difficulty of those in authority at Covent Garden: the classics guarantee a full house; ballet is an expensive proposition; and the new ballets presented over the past few years have not captured the public's fancy.

ON the other hand, these old masterpieces are invaluable as a backbone to the repertoire and their appeal should be jealously guarded—not only for the immediate, but distant, future. One way of doing this would be to show them only under the best possible circumstances; performed by the company at full strength, led by personalities suited to the leading roles.

Le Lac Des Cygnes requires a dancer-actress of quite exceptional qualities to bring it to theatrical life; even the shape of the dancer's face is of vital importance—a ballerina can be bursting with the emotion needed but if her face is of the dead-pan variety all is lost. The Sadler's Wells company is fortunate in having a number of ballerine—apart from magical Fonteyn who can bring even the most indifferent modern works to life—well equipped to give an excellent rendering of Odette/Odile; Beryl Grey, Violetta Elvin and Svetlana Beriosova all have the necessary combination of style, technique and—what is of further importance—physical attributes to compete with the exacting role.

The ballet, however, is staged with dancers not equally suitable. Dancers admittedly with prodigious technique but, alas, unable to project the emotional complexities necessary. In time, this can not only damage the works themselves, but detract from the prestige the company gained long ago when it found itself able to present these full-length ballets.

CLASSIC ballets have given Sadler's Wells a well-deserved but incredible glamour, in the best sense of the word, therefore it would be foolish to “dance them to death” (often with dancers unsuited to them) simply to pack the house.

Apart from these observations, the present production of *Le Lac Des Cygnes* is most successful in the Second and Fourth acts; the costumes in the other two unfortunately detract from an overall enjoyment. The sets in themselves are too colourful, and do not allow for the riot of colour contained in the dresses—the men's costumes being particularly uncomplimentary to them.

It is strange that when artists design for the ballet, they never seem to take into account the fact that male dancers—though by no means midgets—are not exactly giants and, therefore, need to be dressed to emphasise, rather than reduce, their size. In the First act of *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, for instance, the floppy tunics with enormous sleeves worn by the Peasant Boys would make Primo Carnera appear small and cute; on the young, fresh-faced male dancers they are disastrous—making them seem like schoolboys flirting with girls twice their age.

In the Third Act, too, the dresses for the Czardas and the Mazurka are not only aggressively ugly in design and colour, but much too bulky; and, as in the First Act, appear to reduce the men's shapes particularly to infinitesimal dimensions. Throughout the ballet, in fact,





Houston Rogers

LAC DE CYGNES Act II with Margot Fonteyn, one of the greatest dancers ever to be seen in this fascinating and exceptionally exacting dual role of Odette—Odile. She is partnered here by Michael Somes and Leslie Edwardes

there appears to be a tendency to make the men look as ineffectual as possible—even in the excellently conceived Second Act, one is barely able to suppress a shudder at the first glimpse of the Huntsmen, since the exaggerated peaks of their caps have the effect of making the personable dancers a collection of chinless wonders!

If *Le Lac Des Cygnes* had been designed by one of the dominant sex, there might be some excuse; instead it is the work of the brilliant, if erratic, Leslie Hurry, who never put a stroke or a shade out of place when entrusted with Robert Helpmann's *Hamlet* in the early Forties. I also feel that this ballet would benefit greatly from a return to certain aspects of the New Theatre presentation. In those days the First and Second Acts were given as one—that is, without an interval—simply by using the First Act as a Prologue, lowering the curtain for an orchestral panorama of the score, then raising it again on the swan lake. That production was, no doubt, dictated by the need for economy; but, however inadvertently, I feel the right solution was reached by this method—for the First Act has not sufficient content to merit the time it adds to the evening's entertainment by been given separately.

THIS would also provide an opportunity of setting, once again, the *pas de trois* in a proper background—the ballroom of the Third Act, where, in the old days, it proved a glittering opening to the festivities. It is rather senseless to argue—as a member of the organisation did recently—that its removal from the Third to the First Act was a belated effort to stage the ballet in accordance with the original production. For in the days when it *wasn't* possible to stage it *exactly* as it was originally presented equally strong reason for such change based, rightly, on the assumption that accuracy in such matters is not always artistically satisfying. And, ironically, these changes were infinitely more effective, than the subsequent reversal to the original form of the work which prosperity and the larger stage have made possible.

Apart from other considerations, the length of the present production of this ballet make it difficult, through the fatigue that descends after the Third, to properly enjoy the enchanting final Act. The stress and strain of modern life makes any entertainment that lasts beyond two and a half hours a slight bore, no matter how good it is.

The changes made—over the past ten years—in the company's version of *Giselle* (to be revived later in the season) I also find unsatisfactory.

The dramatic impact of this ballet has not been properly realised since the production was enlarged to include a long *pas de deux*—a charming dance, admittedly, but it kills with a deadly efficiency the carefully built-up tension that precedes it, and has no bearing on the basic plot.

I AM not, of course, suggesting that every dance should in some way reflect an aspect of the storyline—that would be a nonsensical demand in the world of ballet. But in the case of *Giselle*, Sadler's Wells hit upon a method of presentation some years ago that combined all the essentials of the original and yet gave it an added urgency and power as dramatically satisfying as a straight play. Few who saw them can forget the drama that Fonteyn and Helpmann used to extract from the First Act in those days; but then they were helped to do so by the production itself—for by cutting extraneous dances the tragedy of the quartet was displayed clearly and without any loss of subtlety.

Apart from the *pas de deux*, there appears to be something sadly lacking nowadays in the final moment of the First Act. In the production seen at the New Theatre, *Giselle* pointed accusingly at Albrecht as she died, and he managed to catch her in his arms as she became limp. For some reason this was infinitely more effective than the present formal—though perhaps more graceful—method of the ballerina wafting to the ground unaided.



Houston Rogers

Mary Drage a young dancer at Covent Garden who has that rare quality of appearing to dance for the sheer joy of it

THE general revision to which Dame Ninette de Valois subjected *Coppelia* some years ago is, on the whole, as effective as the titivating of *Le Lac Des Cygnes* and *Giselle* is unfortunate.

Nadia Nerina is an ideal Swanilda; often mis-cast (*Coppelia* is the only classical work that suits her), this dancer's 'urchin' quality is admirably in tune with the role. Elaine Fifield, on the other hand, appears to lack the gaiety and mischievousness necessary. Yet, if I remember

rightly, I've seen her dance it superbly—and with the very qualities her performance now seems to lack—at Islington some years ago. Svetlana Beriosova and Anya Linden also dance Swanilda: Beriosova with a grace and comedy timing reminiscent of Fonteyn in the same ballet; Linden with good technique, charm and showmanship, kept in reserve to give a controlled performance rather than to court applause.

Two younger members of the company who deserve encouragement: Meriel Evans, who occasionally dances Aurora in *Coppelia*, and always with the right touch of glitter; and Mary Drage who appears to dance for the joy of it, not because she is compelled to by contract.



"All right, where's the fire?"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

SHOULD a duchess look fit and well? I can see no reason why not, for every woman would like to. Should she be bronzed, happy? Ditto.

But Auntie *Times* has other views. In a fourth leader the other day (a feature noted both for its wit and its facetiousness) the writer was having some private fun at the expense of certain of his colleagues who describe these noble ladies thus.

But surely these ladies are better able to achieve these physical virtues than most of us, and if they fail they are letting their side down.

When in private, a duchess may have a headache or the aches and pains of winter. Or she may retire to her bed with a bottle of brandy and a copy of *The Wilder Shores of Love*. But in public it is not only her pleasure but also her duty to exhibit

the attributes of gracious living.

This controversy springs, of course, from Nancy Mitford's now famous article on U-behaviour, which has been taken up by Evelyn Waugh (an expert on the subject) and Philip Toynbee.

THE *Times* throws the argument out of gear by intruding the problems of health and beauty, which are natural virtues, into the question of upper class speech and manners, which are customs. Health and beauty are constants in our living; customs change. What was U-class in the time of George IV would certainly not be so considered today.

Listen to a duke on the subject.

The Duke of Rutland gave his opinion of dukes in general at the St. George's Conservative Association's gala at Caxton

Hall. When asked "Do you like being a duke?" he replied:

"All dukes are supposed to be eccentric, while the British are very keen on tradition. I think dukes fill both purposes."

Duchesses try to, and often do fill the purposes of being beautiful and gay. It is their metier in life.

★ ★ ★

I SHALL not forget the day when that great horse Prince Simon, in 1950, was galloping smoothly up the final hill to what seemed a certain Derby win. Unfortunately the Frenchman Galcador was storming up on his weather beam, and he lost the race, to the great disgust of a quarter of a million spectators.

Some horses are born unlucky.

Now I read that Prince Simon is ownerless, and roaming among cattle at Bowie in Maryland.

On the death of Mr. William Woodward's son the famous Belair stud stable was sold, but nobody wanted Prince Simon and when the stable was abandoned the stallion was left behind.

Perhaps he is happy talking to the cows, all passion spent, ambition gone.

Yet I think it sad.

★ ★ ★

GUESTS at the annual dinner of the Northumberland and Durham Association learned that research into folk associations in the North had turned up an old rule:—

Call a man a fool, a fine of 3d.; call him a rogue, 6d.; call him a porky fellow 3s. 4d.; but call him a Scot, 6s. 8d.

I would not care in Durham to be a porky Scot, let alone a pawky Scot.

★ ★ ★

ALL the pillars of my temple of reverence crumble and tumble. There was, if you remember, the Piltdown man, which has been proved a most ingenious fake. Now Mr. L.K. Lilly, of Indianapolis, has given rare books and manuscripts to Indiana University in which there is a letter, said to be in the handwriting of Robert Burns, which casts doubts on his authorship of the immortal "Auld Lang Syne."

Writes Burns to a friend, Mrs. Dunlop, on December 7, 1788:

"Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious Fragment! There is more of a fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English Bacchanalians. Now I am on my Hobby Horse, I cannot help two other old stanzas which please me mightily:—

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie:
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie [sic] lassie.

To scholars this is proof that Burns was not the author. To me it is not. I think our Rabbie was quite capable of praising his own poetry in this sly way, and to an extravagant degree.

★ ★ ★

A COMEDIAN I know, Frankie Howerd, went to his country cottage for the weekend and was alarmed to see the curtains moving as he approached the door. A burglar? But when he opened the door a squirrel "strolled by."

And when he entered he found the intruder had eaten two contemporary chairs.

THE EDITOR REGRETS that owing to printing difficulties over which he has no control this issue of The TATLER may arrive late in certain areas and the number of pages may have to be curtailed.

He asks respectfully for the tolerance of his readers and begs to assure them that he and his staff are doing all possible to keep faith.

It is hoped to resume normal publication as soon as possible.



FREDERICK ASHTON, C.B.E., as one of this country's most distinguished and prolific choreographers, plays an impressive part in the history of the ballet in this country. Perhaps the most important of his works is the beautiful *Symphonic Variations*, set to the music of César Franck; his first example of the abstract ballet of pure movement. A major work also is *Cinderella*, first produced at Covent Garden in 1949. He is also a highly imaginative dancer and has created many character roles. Frederick Ashton was born at Guayaquil, Ecuador, and spent his early youth in South America. Among those with whom he later studied dancing were Massine, Nijinska and Marie Rambert, who was the first one to encourage him in his choreographic work. He was awarded the C.B.E. in 1950

At the Theatre

A LESS FAMILIAR SHAW

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood

YOUTHFUL playgoers incline to pooh-pooh the great Shaw. He was one of their parents' gods, and they dislike the reek of stale incense. It will, I should guess, be some while yet before they get round to re-discovering him for themselves. Meanwhile *Misalliance* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, may help them a little on the way round. It is one of the less familiar plays; it had a big success when put on in New York recently; and the subject it discusses—the misalliance between youth and age, and especially between parent and child—has not dated. More positively, it has the advantage of showing the Shaw of 1910 in tearing high writing spirits.

He pours out a cataract of notions. Some are startlingly acute, some wildly irresponsible, some extraordinarily frank in their acceptance of things more often thought than expressed. All are put with the confident audacity of a born dramatist whose creative mind is at peace but who is happy for the time being to pick arguments with himself and to conduct them, one in opposition to another, with such dexterity that he can be sure that they will make stimulating stage entertainment.

FORTY or fifty years on the arguments still do. The wish of the old Lord Summerhays to love and cherish "the glorious young beast", Hypatia the rich draper's daughter, is shown to be foolish. We are still made to feel the pathos of his claim that to grow old is to become more spiritualized and more delicate in feeling and judgement. Hypatia is wise nevertheless to put up with her elderly admirer's son, even though he is a hysterical intellectual subject to crying fits, and still wiser doubtless when the handsome aviator turns up to order her father to buy him for her as a husband. What need has youth, graceless, crude and insensitive, for the grace and sensitiveness of age?

No wonder that Tarleton, of Tarleton's Underwear—one of those vital, success-commanding business men who fascinated Shaw as much as they fascinated Wells—who has a theory on every subject on earth, falls back, helpless and bewildered, before the problem of his own children. He has tried to help and guide them, but he has always been frustrated by the crippling shyness which comes between would-be helpful fathers and their young. And why when it gives him a certain satisfaction to boast of affairs that he has had with his shop girls, should he shrivel up whenever Hypatia for her own unscrupulous purposes mentions these affairs? The whole relation between parents and children, he concludes, is a mistake and had better be scrapped.

THIS more or less is the direction in which the perpetually witty discussion runs, but Shaw was always careful in the *Misalliance* period to spice his disquisitions with every trick of the theatrical trade. The talk develops gradually into a comedy of situation in which a homicidal clerk with the tale of a mother wronged by her employer tries to shoot Tarleton. In the present revival it is the comedy rather than the discussion that makes the evening. Mr. Roger Livesey and Mr. Alan Webb do not bring the necessary bite and guile to the talk. Mr. Livesey is too lightly fantastic for Tarleton, Mr. Webb is altogether too spry for the gentle and worn out Summerhays. We are glad for once to see the allegorical and impossible figure of the female super-acrobat who beats up all the men she enchants. She is firmly handled by Miss Miriam Karlin, and the performance comes suddenly to glorious comic life when Mr Donald Pleasence breaks in.

HE is the Cockney clerk desperately resolved to prove himself with his revolver that he is a man not a mouse, a man moreover capable of consigning to perdition the rich capitalist seducer of his mother. Mr. Pleasence's performance is one of the flawlessly comic performances that must take permanent lodgement in the memory.

It comes beautifully to its proper climax as, superbly, he utters the devastating prophecy: "Rome fell. Babylon fell. Hindhead's turn will come." Miss Ursula Jeans, wondrously disguised, is admirable as the draper's sensible wife.

"MISALLIANCE" (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith). Hypatia (Diana Fulker), that rapacious female of the species, has the somewhat dessicated Lord Summerhays (Alan Webb) at her mercy. Her father Tarleton (Roger Livesey) is a tycoon who manages his business more successfully than his daughter, while Mrs. Tarleton (Ursula Jeans), gentle and practical throughout, deals effectively with a man (Donald Pleasence) whom the possession of a gun changes from cringing mouse to blustering monster





A YOUNG GIRL WRITES A BOOK
ON THE HORRORS OF A SIEGE

MISS Christine Arnothy is the author of a remarkable work in *I Am Fifteen And I Do Not Want To Die*, published by Collins on the 27th of this month, and for which she has been awarded the French Prix Verite. It is an account of her experiences, at the age of fifteen, during the siege of Budapest by the Russians in 1945, and was written in a cellar, which she shared with the other tenants of a block of flats during two months of continuous bombardment. She has continued to write and has had one novel published in Munich, in Hungarian, while Antonia White is now translating her latest *Dieu Est En Retard* from the French



The London Collections' chief impact

Photographs by John French

Suits: In tune with current Caribbean aspirations is Michael's striking Creole Line (opposite page), of navy silk and wool alpaca, wide across the shoulder plunging to a deep back curve with narrow hip and skirt line. The sun bonnet of stitched white satin is by Valerie Brill. Below (upper left) the Streak Line. John Cavanagh's navy wool sheath dress with a loose seamed-in wide panel back falling from shoulder to hem. Circlet of crushed white tulle by Simone Mirman. Upper right, Ronald Paterson contributes the Crescent Line in a loganberry tweed, the prevalent lifted waist accentuated by a forward curved arc basque. Bottom left, Lachasse's Non-Classic Line in sand tweed. Curved and set-in details of the two-tiered semi-fitted jacket emphasize the higher front waist and side fitting winged coat collar. Right, Charles Creed's superbly tailored suit in black and white tweed. With matching tweed beret by Simone Mirman, this is the Classic Line *in excelsis*

JOHN CAVANAGH

RONALD PATERSON



LACHASSE



CHARLES CREED





DIGBY MORTON

DIGBY MORTON

*New season day clothes
by London's Top Twelve*



DIGBY MORTON has a Mediterranean blue basket weave straight wrap coat (opposite, above), worn over a blue silk dress, and topped by Rudolf's very feminine hat of crinkly straw in a pastel colour

DIGBY MORTON also finds inspiration in Morocco (opposite, below) adapting the lines of a "djellabah" in corded cotton tube for a wrap coat. The prettily harmonising tulle swathed hat is again by Rudolf

NORMAN HARTNELL presents (right) a dress which moulds the waist and hips to give a long-bodied look in otherwise full-gathered, swathed pastel satin. Feathered cloche by Claude St. Cyr

HARDY AMIES uses navy pure silk taffeta (below left) for a full-skirted Princess line dress. Self bows top the deep hemline and wide, collarless coat. Vernier's dahlia trimmed navy tulle toque

WORTH adds white piqué touches (below right) to this beautifully tailored slate blue alpaca silk and wool bell-skirted dress. It has a matching jacket, and a white piqué hat confirms the accent



NORMAN HARTNELL

WORTH



HARDY AMIES



JOHN CAVANAGH



HARDY AMIES



MATTI



MICHAEL SHERARD

Evenings will see in Mayfair—

JOHN CAVANAGH'S delicate rose, 'pure silk taffeta sleeveless dress (top left) under a brilliant pink tweed overcoat with shoulder-framing collar. Matching taffeta hat by Simone Mirman

HARDY AMIES' dress for big evenings (top right), a swirling cloud of delicate embroidered pure silk white organza, with floating panels from the shoulders down the back of the skirt

MATTI'S expression of simple elegance (lower left) in a short dancing Rhapsody pink taffeta, petal twisting over the hips into an enormous freewheeling skirt on to a spin of pleats

MICHAEL SHERARD'S long, slim, serene dress in aquamarine blue georgette (lower right), accordion pleated throughout. A rippling panel folds in gentle, classic lines across the shoulders



VICTOR STIEBEL'S (at Jacqmar) immense evening coat, dramatised with black taffeta, has voluminous sleeves and full-length billowing skirt. The jutting, deep collar, brought forward, also forms a hood

VICTOR STIEBEL



John French

NAVY-WHITE LEAGUE

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

THIS team-up, expressed in a bolero and dress of lightweight wool georgette with all accessories, from Debenham and Freebody, is a spring winner. The bolero, high-lighted with spot silk surah, and the dress beneath with the straight, long look cost 20 gns. Contrasting hats are a navy shantung Baku cloche and white cloche, the latter worn alternatively over a navy organza turban. Each is 15 gns. Accessories: rope of pearls and diamanté, 5 gns; pearl earclips, 12s. 6d.; navy calf hide pochette, 3½ gns; Court shoes, navy suede, 135s; gloves, navy suede 59s. 6d.; white kid, 63s; navy belt, kid







For the nautically minded (and others) a "Ship's Wheel" Martini set introduces a new and amusing way to take a noggin. Asprey, £36



Book-bottle, in Italian pottery, for a tot of rum. Price £2.7s.6d. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street



Below: this silver-plated "Windmill" has individual clips (to mark your own glass in a crowd) for sails, and cherry sticks in a circular rack. Asprey, £3.15s.



Warm Welcome

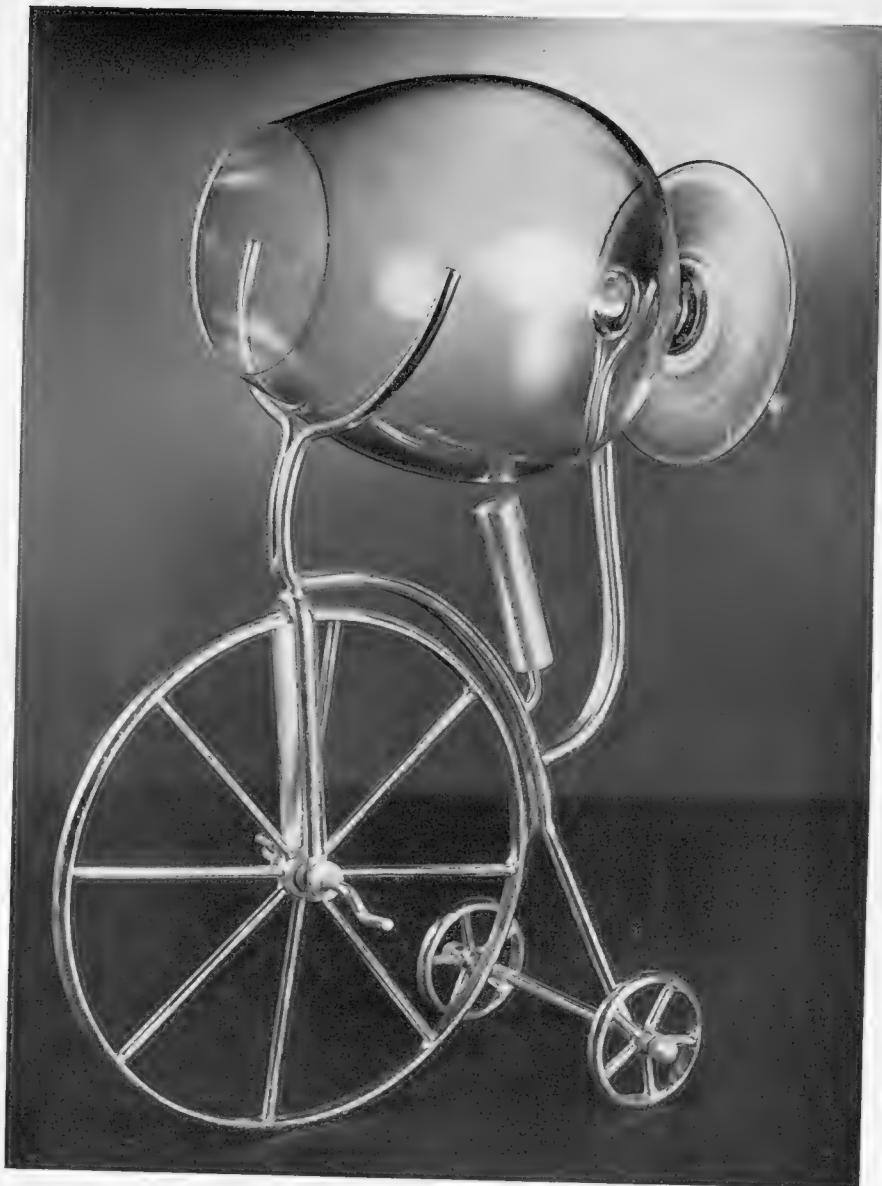
*C*old weather calls for a warm welcome, in the way of a bright fire, and a reviving drink. "What's yours"? Here is a selection of original ideas for the hospitable party-giver.

JEAN CLELAND

Below, green Venetian lager glasses, of which a set of six costs £7.7s. Green jug to match, £3.10s. These, too, may be had from Asprey, New Bond Street



Dennis Smith



The brandy glass is carried in triumph by the pennyfarthing tricycle which also warms it to your palate. Asprey, £6.15s.

The graceful silver-plated lighthouse cocktail shaker has a flashing lamp inside the lantern. From Asprey, £23





MATADOR LIPSTICK from Coty has about it the glow of sunny Spain, as it lies aptly between a pair of castanets



Dennis Smith

Beauty

Jean Cleland

Readying-up for the sun

IN readiness for spring, which seems a long way off at the moment, comes a collection of new beauty products, several of which have to do with colour. Just to talk of them seems to bring the sunny days a little closer. No doubt we shall be wanting to try them out when the times comes for buying new spring suitings, so let me acquaint you with several which seem to be Set Fair for popularity.

An exciting one is Max Factor's "Hi-Fi." This, to use the manufacturer's own words, is "a new kind of make-up, that does for colour what high fidelity does for sound". The idea originated with experiments which Max Factor made for an improved make-up for television. Having found a new concept in colour, which looked completely natural before the cameras in any light, the original idea was translated into a new fluid make-up for everyday use for women of all ages. The result is "Hi-Fi".

A LOVELY light yet vibrant make-up that gives a sheer veil of colour to the complexion, the formula contains a softening ingredient which leaves the skin soft and dewy but not greasy. There is a creamy fluid make-up which goes on first, and a fluid rouge which goes on top. The combination of the two creates a wonderfully natural look which is equally effective in all lights, from strong sunlight to candlelight. "Hi-Fi" make-up comes in six individual tones, and costs 8s. 3d. The Fluid Rouge can be had in three tones and costs 5s. 3d.

Still speaking of colour, an interesting party was given by Edwards Harlene Ltd., to launch a new preparation called "Smoke". Described as a cosmetic colour rinse, this is equally

suitable for use by a hairdresser, or for application at home. It is neither a dye nor a tint. It does not stain the scalp, and can be entirely removed by ordinary shampooing.

"Smoke" contains no blue or mauve tones, but blends the unbecoming "pepper and salt" shades into a soft all over smoky grey tone, which can be deep or pale silver according to the strength at which it is used. It is applied when the hair is damp, or it can be used in between shampoos without wetting the hair, for touching up. The price of the standard pack is 5s. 6d.

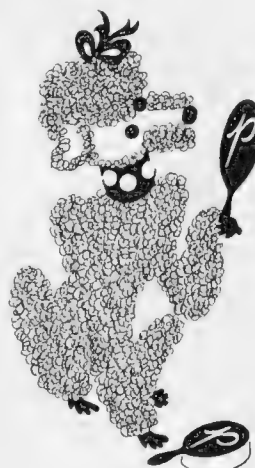
TWO very lovely new lipsticks have been evolved, which I feel sure you will be wanting to try when the sun comes out. One by Guerlain is called after the pink rose, "Rose Edith". Designed to flatter the Continental fashion for "delicate as possible pink lips", this looks particularly effective with a slightly bronzed skin. So if you have been out to the winter sports, and have come back looking healthily brown, you can use it straight away. If not, you should buy it and take it with you when you go on holiday later on.

The other lipstick, which is by Coty, is called "Matador", and is very dashing and gay. The colour is rich and glowing, and seems to bring to a cold dreary day something of the warmth of sunny Spain. Designed to go with the newest fashion shades which we shall be wearing in the spring and summer, "Matador" is non-drying,

and costs 7s. 6d. Refills can be obtained for the price of 3s. 3d.

From Caron's of "Parfums Caron de Paris" fame, comes news of a toilet "lotion" to match their lovely perfumes. Designed for all day and every day use, this toilet water has been created in response to many requests, and can be had in the following fragrances: Fleurs de Rocaille, Bellodgia, Narcisse Noir, Tabac Blond, and Nuit de Noel.

A new and extremely easy way of applying deodorant has been created by means of a "Mum Rollette". All that is necessary is merely to roll the marble point over the skin. The fluid is then released, and need not be touched by the fingers at all. "Mum Rollette" can be carried in the handbag without fear of spilling. It is an anti-perspirant and a deodorant, and costs 5s. A good buy in readiness for the warm days which lie ahead.



ALL who like to do the odd shampoo for themselves, will be interested to hear that, from the middle of March, there will be a "White Rain" shampoo for every type of hair. Blue for dry hair, white for normal hair, and pink for oily hair. The blue is an enriched shampoo which cleanses, and at the same time preserves the natural oils. The white is mild, and designed to keep the hair soft and silky. The pink is deep cleansing, and frees the hair of excess oil, leaving it soft with no trace of stickiness. These "White Rain" shampoos cost

9d. for a sachet, or can be had in bottles at 2s. 6d. each.

WITH such aids as these, we shall have no excuse if we greet the finer weather with frowning faces, or with lifeless, hair. For with them we can each do our bit to add to the gaiety of the new season: a tribute which it surely deserves—as do our friends also.



Betty Swache

Miss Joanna Fairtlough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fairtlough, of Sandhills Corner, Hayling Island, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Michael Bridges Webb, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bridges Webb, of Holt Place, Birdham, Sussex

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lenare

Miss Angela Birnie, younger daughter of Col. E. St. John and Lady Kathleen Birnie, of Belgrave Place, London, S.W.1., is to marry Mr. Michael E. Joly de Lotbinière, younger son of Lieut. C. E. Joly de Lotbinière, of Brandon Hall, Suffolk, and of the Hon. Mrs. E. Duke-Woolley



Harlip

Miss Juliet Dorothea Chasse-reau Williams, youngest daughter of Sir Philip Williams, Bt., of Bridehead, Dorchester, and of the late Lady Williams, is engaged to Mr. John Douglas Hickman, eldest son of Mr. J. D. Hickman, of Rothesay, New Brunswick, Canada, and of the late Mrs. Hickman

Miss Patricia Taylor-Young, daughter of Mr. H. S. Taylor-Young, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Taylor-Young, of The Red House, Park Lane, Salisbury, is to marry Mr. James Noble, youngest son of the late Captain F.B. Noble, R.N., and of Mrs. E.M. Noble, of Old Barn, Churt, Surrey



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to relieve skin blemishes 9/6



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Motoring

SELLING THE CAKE

Oliver Stewart

THERE seems to be one, and only one, criterion of value in the minds of many people; it is dollar value. A motor car is good or bad according to whether it earns dollars; an aeroplane is the same. You can neither have your cake nor eat it; you must sell it in the dollar market. Nobody bothers about whether the British customer likes it or dislikes it.

The origins of this situation have been explained repeatedly and it is the constant effort of our manufacturers to rectify it. For these reasons I was especially impressed by the vigorous remarks made by Sir William Rootes (who is chairman of the Dollar Exports Council) when he returned from America the other day. He demolished the defeatist attitude that we can do little to improve the situation. On the contrary he treated it in the right way, as a stimulating challenge to all British industrialists.

LET me now quote one or two of his remarks. North America he said, was a "new world with a different outlook on merchandising, public relations and advertising. Customer requirements and market research are much different. The competition is very great and a much more energetic approach must be forthcoming from those concerned with exporting to the dollar account countries."

Britain spends two dollars for every dollar she earns but in the United States there are "great opportunities for British manufacturers." If those opportunities are taken in the manner suggested by Sir William we shall gradually acquire a greater right to develop things as we want them in this country and as we like them. In short the proof of the pudding will no longer be in the dollar market; but in

the eating. The secret of success so far as motor cars are concerned, will probably lie in accepting a certain number of dollar market conventions; while, at the same time, holding to essentially British features which have their own special appeal.

ALL of which reminds me of whisky. (For the reply to the question of why this should remind me of whisky I would refer the reader to an all-too-well-known joke). The Services as well as those engaged upon civil transport operations are to be required from March 1 onwards to use the new international phonetic alphabet.

When you are telephoning a message you must no longer say: "B Baker, D Dog, S Sugar" and so on. You must say "B Bravo, D Delta and S Sierra," for that is the law. Few will bother to cavil about it except for the fact that the official order tells us that W is "Whiskey." Now the experts will tell me if I am wrong, but I always imagined that "whiskey" with the "e" was Irish and "whisky" without the "e" was Scotch. How it has come about that the Services (or at any rate the Army and the Royal Air Force) should have imposed upon them a less than international spelling is a puzzle which might well be taken up by the defenders of our liberties.

IN a note sent me the Automobile Association says that it has taken effective action in damping down those appeals "on the part of some police authorities to contest decisions reached by local Magistrates when their findings, based on the facts disclosed in evidence, have been in favour of motorists."

In this action I feel that the A.A. is doing precisely the duty for which it was primarily created. It is showing that it remains alert and vigorous in defending the motorist against

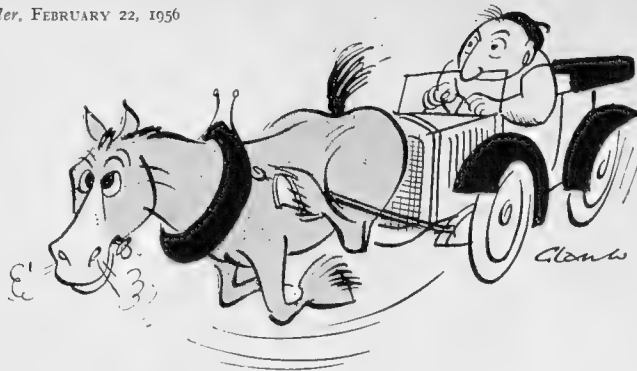
those acts which branch from prejudice. And the A.A. describes seven instances in the past six months. Five appeals were withdrawn following legal representations. The two appeals which went to the High Court were dismissed and the Lord Chief Justice, as is his wont, made a forthright comment upon the practice of proceeding to the Appeal Court.

I am all for this development, which will help to combat the generally held theory (or prejudice) that the motorist is guilty until he is proved innocent—and even after that!

CHILDREN riding on tractors and haycarts provided the House of Commons with a matter for earnest discussion the other day. And all the discussion (as I read it in Hansard) emphasised that the modern politician believes that the only way to get anything done is to make a law about it. There can be no doubt that children riding on tractors are subjecting themselves to a risk; but it is a lower risk than children riding bicycles and tricycles on the open road.

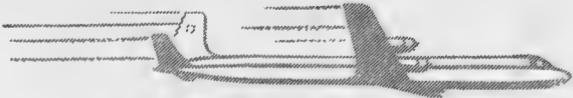
These young riders are a fearful danger to all road users. But I should be the last to ask that they should be forcibly restrained from using the roads. When one of them is hurt it is usually worse for the driver of the vehicle than for the young rider of the bicycle; but I still think that we should avoid restrictive legislation.

By allowing a child to ride a bicycle on the open road you place the child's life in jeopardy. But if he succeeds in going through that early period of training safely, he will for ever after be a safer road user than the man who takes up riding or driving later in life. Let there be a sense of proportion. Let our Members of Parliament save their breath by not discussing children riding in farm vehicles when children ride on the roads and wobble frantically from side to side in front of oncoming vehicles.



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Miss Joan Greenwood in
the play, "Bell, Book and
Candle."
Photograph by Angus McBean



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P.989A



Ivon de Wynter

TOMMY GALE, general manager of the Empress Club in Berkeley Street, was for sixteen years at the Chez Henri Club, and manager of the Screen Writers Club and the Colony Restaurant. His hobbies are racing, and eating and drinking good food and wines at other places

DINING OUT

A fortunate road accident

A BOOK which I have just received describes how a crash in a Monte Carlo Rally was the reason for some of the excellent Côtes du Rhone of Paul Jaboulet, Aîné, becoming available in this country; this being due to the fact that the author, Mike Couper, driving his Rolls-Royce in the 1950 event, struck a French lorry near Tain with considerable violence.

In the ensuing delay, while some genius of a French *mécanic* was putting the broken pieces together, his crew had a lot of time on their hands. One of them was Desmond Scannell, secretary of the British Racing Drivers' Club; the other was Leslie Seyd, director of Brown, Gore & Welch, wine merchants of long standing and high repute in the City of London. Leslie, naturally enough, spent his time snooping around the local vineyards, and this activity by devious means led to his firm taking over the agency of Paul Jaboulet.

It is a coincidence that, just having finished the book, I have received an invitation from Brown, Gore & Welch to meet Louis Jaboulet (the present owner of the vineyards) in London and to attend a tasting of some of his new wines. (*Rallying to Monte Carlo* by Mike Couper. Ian Allan, 16s.)

YET another invitation, but one which I regarded with great suspicion, was to the opening of a fully licensed *espresso* coffee bar in the middle of one of Whitbread's pubs, The Royal Oak at Paddington. I could not help feeling that this was the thin edge of a dangerous wedge, whereby the time may come when one will find the bars of one's favourite pubs covered with cups and saucers. It does, of course, have the advantage that when closing time comes you can remain on the premises and have a good strong coffee for the road. The bar is named the Venetian and decorated with great charm with murals by Peter Stebbing (who, incidentally, was responsible for the remarkable illuminated cut-outs which were put up at the Antelope in Eaton Terrace as part of their Christmas decorations).

Another new affair is the Grill and Cheese Restaurant recently opened at the Coventry Street Corner House. When I went there I wish I had been accompanied by one of the publicity hounds from Hollywood. He really could have got to work with all the super-superlatives with which they are so well acquainted. I will settle for "remarkable", for that is exactly what it is. Even during my visit to America I never saw anything more original.

IT is difficult to describe: you have a large open Silver Grill, with four or five chefs in full regalia hard at work. The grill is set in what appears to be the stone wall of a castle and is, in fact, made of Ancaster and Clipsham stone from the quarries near Grantham. The walls are panelled in mahogany, the pillars are in black wood, and the whole affair is illuminated with an uncountable number of shaded golden lights, the floor being black and white crazy paving.

It is appreciated that you go there to eat as well as to gape, and this you can do well at very reasonable prices. A rump steak will cost you 5s. 6d. which includes the fried potatoes and a portion of Steakhouse Butter. You can have a large portion of any of the most popular English cheeses for 1s. 6d. There is red and white wine at 1s. 9d. per glass or 5s. for a small carafe, and there is a short choice of some more expensive wines, such as a half bottle of Chateau Talbot 1949 which will cost you 8s. It is nice to be able to take Americans to a place where on entering they stop still and say: "Gee whizz!"

—I. Bickerstaff

CORRECTION.—Mrs. Joan Mary Haigh has called our attention to certain incorrect statements in the article "Dining Out" by I. Bickerstaff published in our issue of the 11th January 1956.

The Farm referred to is in fact the sole property of Mrs. Haigh who also owns the premises at Bray Place, Chelsea, where she and Mr. Massey carry on the business of Charco's Grill.

We regret the errors and apologise to Mrs. Haigh for any inconvenience or annoyance which they may have occasioned to her.

DINING IN

Plumping for pudding

IT DOES my heart good when visitors to this country order a dish which is not only essentially British but also on the hefty side. During the cold spell, such a one—Baked "Jam" Roll, filled with marmalade—was asked for by two French visitors. This, however, shook me, because we had already enjoyed a dozen of our very best Whitstable natives, with a bottle of never-to-be-forgotten Montrachet, followed by a mixed grill and Chateau Pontet Canet, 1950. By this time, I had had enough—but not they. They plumped for Baked Jam Roll.

Their enthusiasm pleased me, but surprised me, too. They insisted that there is nothing in the French *cuisine* to touch this pudding. It is true that our national cooking excels in puddings and sweets, while that of those countries which we acknowledge to be the leaders in the culinary world is somewhat weak in them.

HERE, then, for that cold evening when your calorific intake may otherwise be low, is Baked "Jam" Roll—and do use Seville orange marmalade, because its delicious tang may lull you into the illusion that you are not eating too much good rich food.

For 4 to 5 servings, sift 8 oz. plain fine flour and a good pinch of salt into a basin. Cut 5 oz. butter into it and rub the mixture to the fine breadcrumb stage. Dot the surface with just under $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water and lightly press together just enough to remove all joins. You can add the beaten yolk of an egg, if you wish. In this case, use very little water.

Cover and leave in the basin for half an hour, then lightly roll out to an oblong, under $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Spread with marmalade (not too generously), leaving a small margin on the sides and one end. Brush the margin with beaten egg and roll up, starting at the end which has no margin. Gently seal the edges and joins together and place on a baking-sheet. Brush with egg and bake for 35 to 40 minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas number 6). Brush with a little of the marmalade syrup, return to the oven for a minute or two, then serve with more hot marmalade around the roll.

ANOTHER hot sweet you will find very useful is my own simple Chocolate Pudding—a war-time discovery which I can still serve without apology.

Dissolve a good dessertspoon of black treacle in 6 tablespoons of hot water. Melt $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. vegetable fat shortening and remove from the heat. Sift into a basin 4 oz. self-raising flour, a pinch of salt, 2 oz. caster sugar and $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. cocoa. By this time, the treacle water will be lukewarm and the fat cooked, but still liquid. Add to the water a pinch of bicarbonate of soda and a few drops each of coffee essence and vanilla. Stir into the dry ingredients. Next, stir in the liquid fat.

Turn into a greased pudding basin to two-thirds full. Cover with greaseproof paper, stand on a trivet in boiling water reaching about half-way up the basin, put the lid on the pan and boil for 1 to $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Turn out and serve with the pudding a good custard sauce, laced with a tablespoon of rum, added at the last minute.

FINALLY, a very old Apple Pudding, the kind of sweet that men, who like puddings, really appreciate:

For 4 to 5 servings, peel, core and slice 2 to 3 good-sized Bramley Seedling apples. Coat them with lemon juice so that they will not turn rusty. (I squirt enough juice from one of those plastic lemon-shaped containers, holding the pure juice). Add sugar to your own taste and turn into a deep enamelled pie dish.

Rub 3 oz. butter into 5 oz. self-raising flour, sifted with a good pinch of salt. Beat together a large egg and 2 tablespoons caster sugar. Add just under $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and stir the liquid into the flour mixture. It should not be too soft. Spread this over the apples.

Have the oven really hot—say, 450 degrees Fahr. or, in a gas oven, number 8, and have a thick baking sheet on the shelf on which the pudding is to be placed. Put the pudding on it and at once lower the heat to 375 to 400 degrees Fahr. or gas number 4 to 5, depending on your oven, and bake for about half an hour.

With this sweet, I think that the perfect "sauce" is cold single cream.

—Helen Burke



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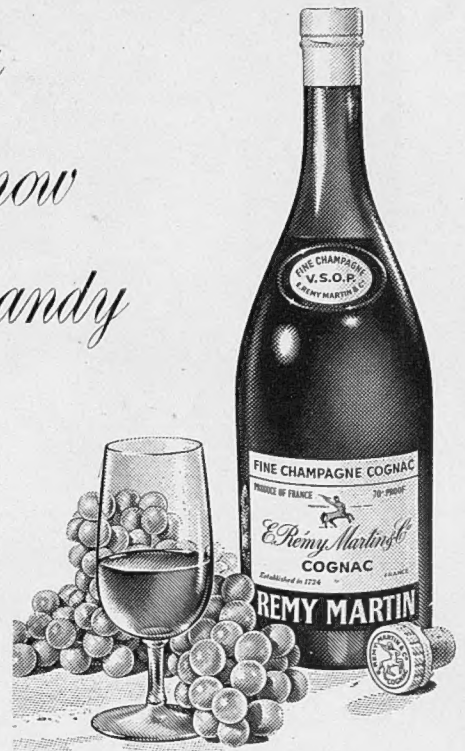
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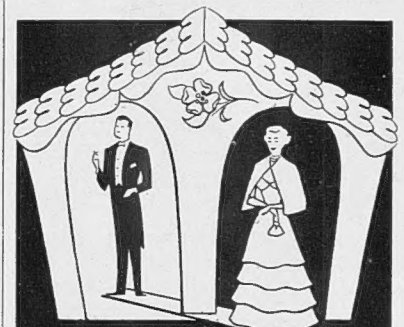
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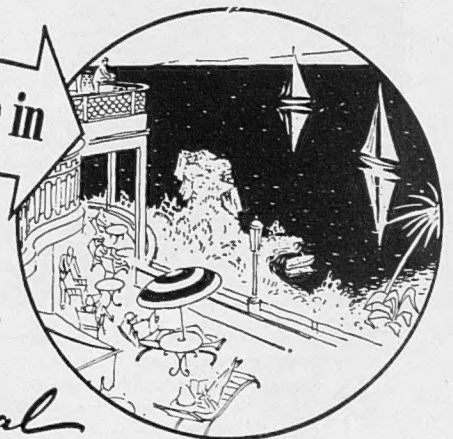
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Morris-Eyton—Miles. Major Robert Charles Miles, eldest son of the late Captain R. Morris-Eyton, and of Mrs. R. E. Morris-Eyton, of Calvington Manor, Newport, Salop, married Miss Jocelyn Miles, daughter of Maj.-Gen. E. G. Miles, of Lady Marcia Miles, Tilstock Lodge, Whitchurch, Salop, at Tilstock Church.



Firth—Duncan. Major Malcolm V. C. Firth, Royal Artillery, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cecil Firth, of Belvedere House, Farnborough, Hants, married Miss Janet L. N. Duncan, daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. N. W. Duncan, of Lieutenant-Governor's House, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, S.W.3, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, Chelsea

Fayer

Noble—Mein-Austin. Captain Marc Brunel Noble, eldest son of Sir Humphrey and Lady Noble, of Walwick House, Humshaugh, Northumberland, was married to Miss Jennifer Lorna Mein-Austin, the younger daughter of the late Mr. J. Mein-Austin, and of Mrs. R. B. Butler, of Castle Carrack, Carlisle, at Carlisle Cathedral



Ashe—Rickards. Mr. de C. Ashe, youngest son of Mr. and the Hon. W. St. G. Ashe, of Elm Knapp Castle, Horsham, Sussex, married Miss Lian M. J. Rickards, daughter of Mr. G. Rickards, M.C., and Mrs. Rickards, of Munstead near Godalming, Surrey, at the Church of St. John, Busbridge, Godalming

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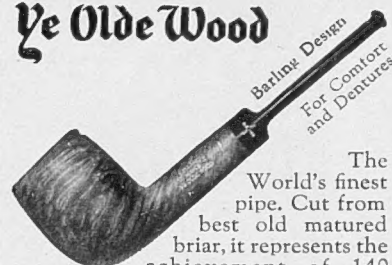
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